Amygdala's Rag Doll

by GHOST and Pals ft. OLIVER

Uploaded at Youtube on October 19, 2016

I hide
I hide
In iodine words
It's something inexplicable
It's something unaccountable
I cry
I cry
When anything hurts
Vexatious, my amygdala that I can't do a thing about

The tricks and trivials of every twenty-four
Maybe you could tone it down a little more
And I
And I
Dunno
Oh, all I ever knew before
Were clusters of holes

An eye for an eye
That's how the game works
In losing my autonomy
A mutilated part of me
And I defy the way the game works
Between you and me,
It's only getting worse

From the mouth of a cauterized rag doll
Supplications to leave him alone
From the mouth of the cauterized rag doll
Throw the nails away and leave him alone

I don't know where the thoughts are coming from
Pull my strings and swallow ichor
Fire burns and the rags are torn apart
I can't inhale anymore
'Cus all I ever know are holes

Today something changed
I figured it's true
The frontal lobe placed me behind my own strings
'Cus I defy the way the game works
I'll say it again, I'm only getting worse

The dull assumptions that I've tasted decency
Waiting for the embers to lose their glow
And I, and I dunno
Oh, all I've ever seen before were clusters of holes

Waiting for the world to burn
Waiting for the holes to close, now
Waiting for the world to burn

Waiting for the holes to close, now

I can't see the holes in my memories
The fire and I, alone again
The guilt and I, alone again
(Waiting for the world to burn
Waiting for the holes to close, now
Waiting for the world to burn
Waiting for the holes to close, now)

Say we take what had been torn apart
Say we mend any patchwork discord
Turning eyes to the trypo-puppeteer
I can't exhale anymore

So,
One two three, and we'll tie the tourniquet
Pull my skin and swallow ichor
Fire burns and the rags are torn apart
I can't inhale anymore

Day by day and day after day
I'm causing trouble anyway
Pull the fire alarm
I never meant any harm, never meant any harm

Well,
Say my limbs are torn apart
And all the stuffing falls out
Let the toy wind down
It should've never been wound

I never meant any harm

Say we take what had been torn apart
Say we mend any patchwork discord
Turning eyes to the trypo-puppeteer
Waiting for the world to burn

So,
One two three, and we'll tie the tourniquet
Larvae eating away at everything
Word goes 'round, I'm the trypo-puppeteer
Laugh along, I'm spreading holes

Now I know this has always been my fault, and I can't inhale anymore